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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Professor ANDERSON'S Arrangements for Day Performances.

The First DAY PERFORMANCE will take place on Saturday, September 16th. In consequence of the great Free Trade Hall being pre-engaged on the following Saturdays, the day performances will be given on Wednesday, September 20th, and Wednesday, September 27th, commencing at 2·30 p.m.

Notice to Secretaries of the Various Charitable Institutions in Manchester and Salford, of all denominations.—Professor Anderson has much pleasure in devoting the GALLERIES of the Hall on the Day Performances for GRATUITOUS ADMISSION to the various charitable schools. Application must be made as early as possible to Professor Anderson, stating name, number, and class of school.—Address to 357, Oxford Road.

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THE RE-OPENING WILL TAKE PLACE ON MONDAY, SEPT. 18.

DURING the Recess the Theatre has been entirely Enriched and Redecorated. Increased attention has been given to every part of the Auditorium. The Private Boxes, Stalls, and Dress Circle completely and elegantly Re-furnished. The Upper Circle and Pit rendered still more roomy and accessible, and every part of the house studiously re-arranged, with the view to the perfect accommodation of the public.

The Alterations and Improvements under the direction of Mr. ALFRED DARBYSHIRE.

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PRODUCTION ON MONDAY NEXT, 18th SEPTEMPER, OF SHAKSPERE'S

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Selected by Mr. CALVERT, and Arranged by Mr. EDWARD WILLIAMS, excepting the Vocal and Instrumental Music accompanying

The Lorenzo Masque,

terminating the first act, which has been expressly written for this production by

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN,

(The Eminent Composer), who will personally conduct, for a few nights, this part of the action of the play.

The Machinery and Effects by JOHN BYRNES. The Properties and Paraphernalia by HIRSCH, GARRETT, HINDSHAW, &c.

PRICES AS USUAL.

NOTICE.—In compliance with repeated applications, arrangements have been made by which persons desirous of avoiding the crowding that is sometimes unavoidable to the Upper Circle and Pit, may from 6 to 6 30 enter by the Dress Circle entrance on payment of an extra charge of 6d. After 6 30 the only admittance to the Upper Circle or Pit will be by the usual entrances and at the usual charges.

The performance will commence at Seven o'clock.——Box Office open daily, where places may be secured for any date.

Fragrant Tooth Wash.—FLUODENTINE, or Liquid Dentifrice. See Dr. Hassall's Report and Medical Testimony. Invaluable to Smokers. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. a Bottle.—*Prepared at* HAMPSON'S *PHARMACY, 63, Piccadilly.*

[HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.]

IN LUNESDALE.

THE Lune, loveliest and most picturesque of Lancashire rivers, rises in the desolate Westmorland fells about Shap. A railway traveller from Manchester to Carlisle will catch two glimpses of it—the first, at time-honoured Lancaster, just before it falls into the sea, the second, after passing Tebay station. The railway here runs along the side of the mountain at an immense height above the river, which, at this point, is the only bright thing in a stern-looking and gloomy landscape. No accident, we believe, has ever occurred on or near that daring bit of railway engineering, but we never pass over it without a shudder. From this mountain gorge, the Lune pursues a devious track, through hill scenery of more or less wildness, and then, just before reaching Kirkby Lonsdale, it enters a valley of great pastoral beauty, through which it flows until it discharges its accumulated waters into Morecambe Bay.

The best way to see this portion of the Valley of the Lune) the Lunesdale proper of topographers), is to descend it after a ramble in either the Lake Country or in Craven. Our ramble commenced in the latter locality, and lay for some distance over that wild moor, which stretches, with little interruption, from the foot of Pendle Hill to the sides of Ingleborough. A clear sky was overhead, and a gentle west wind was blowing from the sea. We have always had a weakness for a moor. There is an unconfined breadth about it, over which we can wander at will, unrestrained by fences or sign-posts, which enables us to feel for a time like a Columbus or a Robinson Crusoe. As we walked, the horses were just arousing to new existences, a few sheep were nibbling the soft turf, and now and again a drove of clean, white geese wandered across our path, looking as though the common was all their own and had been in the undisturbed enjoyment of the family for generations. We passed Ingleton with its coalpits, its steep streets, fine viaduct, nobly situated old church, and wretched shops and inns—a sort of pretty Stockport on a small scale—and obtained a drink at Bridge-End, a village consisting of about twelve dwelling-houses, two public-houses, and a toffy shop. Our thoughts were irresistibly directed homeward in the course of our walk, for, according to the information of a native who joined company with us on the road, counties appeared to run into each other in an erratic manner, only to be equalled by the meandering of Manchester townships. In less than half-an-hour of apparently straightforward walking we were once in Yorkshire, twice in Lancashire, and thrice in Westmorland. At length we stood on the Devil's Bridge and looked down on the waters of the Lune, without being at all clear whether we were in any county at all.

The building of the Devil's Bridge, at Kirkby Lonsdale, has been conveniently attributed to his satanic Majesty, because antiquarians have been unable to ascertain when, or by whom else, it was erected. In what way his lowness advanced the interests of his kingdom by this architectural feat it is difficult to imagine. It is said that the worst can show some better thoughts, and, possibly, we owe the bridge to one of the Devil's relenting moods. It is a very strong and exceedingly beautiful structure, remarkable, however, on account of its extreme narrowness from side to side, there being barely room for one cart to pass over at a time. Looking down from one of the angular recesses in its parapet, the river presents the character of a Yorkshire beck on a greatly magnified scale. Mighty whirls take the place of little eddies, the rounded boulders are replaced by masses of jutting rock, and instead of a shingly bottom broad ledges of stone can be discerned shelving down into its dark depths. Kirkby-Lonsdale is a quaint, old-fashioned market town, with clean streets, stone houses, and innumerable inns with swinging signs. Its claims to historic renown are principally connected with the change of dynasty effected in the last English Revolution. It was rumoured, shortly after the abdication of James the Second, that that exile had landed in Yorkshire with a large French army; whereupon the Lord-Lieutenant of Westmorland assembled his troops, and marched to Kirkby-Lonsdale. But the rumour proving false, he and his men quietly returned home. The feat is celebrated in the old rhyme—

> In eighty-eight was Kirkby feight,
> When ne'er a man was slain;
> They ate their meat and drank their drink,
> And, so came home again.

In 1715 the Jacobite army halted here for one night on its march southward, and proclaimed the Chevalier de St. George as James the Third of England. A magnificent prospect is obtained in the churchyard. Stretching far beneath us was a valley, along whose level grassy bottom the Lune rolled silently, in beautiful curves of changing colour. In the distance it passed with a majestic sweep from between wooded heights, and, washing the base of a perpendicular cliff, glided on past green glades and luxuriant plantations, crested here and there with splendid villas, principally the residences, we believe, of successful Yorkshire manufacturers. Descending through a wood we crossed the green plain below, and walked along the bank of the river to the point where it issued from the gorge. At some distance behind us stood, like an enchanted palace, in the centre of the plain, the pinnacled residence of Earl Bective; from the bed of the river before us rose a lofty cliff of bright red sandstone; while the dark-green waters, which emerged from between the wooded banks higher up, here reflected the moving sky, and broke in tiny wavelets on a pebbled beach at our feet.

It was market-day in the old town—the streets were crowded with farmers and farmers' carts. We dined at an ordinary in an old-fashioned hostelry known as the Green Dragon. The lower rooms were filled with a jovial, weather-beaten company, who concluded their business transactions over steaming glasses, with a decided tendency to refer to sales effected thirty years since. Dinner was spread in a back room up-stairs, on a table with a long form at each side, and a chair at each end. It was an excellent meal—the charge only fifteenpence—the one drawback being the fact that the mustard and salt were freely attacked by the knives of the guests. This practice was seemingly one of the customs of the locality, as there were no spoons on the table.

From Kirkby-Lonsdale we walked to Hornby. Our route lay principally along the bank of the river beneath overhanging trees, or along pleasant country roads, fair glades and fertile meadows stretching on either hand. Near Greta Bridge—a little below which the Greta joins the Lune—on an eminence, is Thurland Castle. It was founded by Sir Thomas Tunstall, who obtained permission from Henry IV. to fortify his house. In 1637 it passed from the possession of the Tunstalls, and is now owned by a family of the name of North. At the beginning of the present century it was rebuilt, but a portion of the old castle is still standing. There is a parish of Tunstall as well as a village of that name, and the church stands in a solitary situation at some distance from the latter. The tower has a solemn, memorial look, as we see it from the road rising from amidst the trees and with no appearance of human habitation near it. It is, indeed, very ancient, and is said to have been the third erected on the site. The last rebuilding took place in 1414, and is attributed to the same Sir Thomas Tunstall who founded the castle. It was originally dedicated to Seynte Mychaell, but, subsequently, to St. John the Baptist. The scenery round Hornby is very fine. A little before entering the town we once more come in sight of the Lune, again gliding at the foot of a noble range of wooded heights, and separated from us by broad, level pastures. In one of these fields stood in olden times a Premonstratensian priory. The White Friars and their dwelling have long since vanished, however, and instead of them, we have in the little town an old church with a curious octagonal tower, and a Catholic chapel built by Lingard the historian, who for forty years ministered in connection with it. A little beyond, a bridge crosses the Wenning, which, nearly at its journey's end, ripples on to join the Lune in the picturesque vale before us. On a commanding eminence, which descends as a steep green bank to the Wenning, and is clothed elsewhere with woods, stands the castle, and whichever way we look, up the vale of Wenning, or down the vale of Lune, charming combinations of scenery delight us. The ground around is rich in historic associations. The castle was

founded on a site formerly occupied by the Romans, by—according to Camden—N. de Mont Begon, shortly after the Conquest. It has since seen greatly changing fortunes. The property of the family of Longuevilliers for a time, it was, in 1269, owned by the Nevilles. From these it passed to the Harringtons, one of whom, Sir William Harrington, was standard-bearer in the battle of Agincourt. Through marriage with a daughter of the house of Harrington, Sir Edward Stanley, a younger son of the first Earl of Derby, succeeded to the castle and estates. This knight held a command in the battle of Flodden Field, and, in the ballad which celebrates that action, we read how

> Most lively lads in Lonsdale bred,
> With weapons of unwieldy weight,
> All such as Tatham fells had fed,
> Went under Stanley's streamer bright.

The knight received the title of Lord Monteagle for his services in the battle, and he built the tower and chancel of the church in gratitude for his success. It was to his grandson that the letter was sent which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. The Earls of Cardigan, Colonel Francis Charteris, and the Earls of Wemyss were by inheritance or purchase amongst the subsequent possessors of Hornby. In 1756 it was sold to one John Marsden, of Wennington Hall. His death gave rise to a famous lawsuit for possession, which resulted in the victory of Rear-Admiral Sandford Tatham. From him it passed to Pudsey Dawson, whose nephew sold it to John Foster, the present possessor, the stronghold of the Norman baron having thus become the country seat of a wealthy Bradford manufacturer. James the First rested in it on his memorable journey from Edinburgh to London, and it stood a long siege by the Parliamentary forces, being eventually captured by Colonel Ashton. In 1847 it was almost entirely rebuilt, and is now a handsome castle, surrounded by a fine keep.

At Hornby ended our ramble by the Lune, and here also we terminated the series of wanderings which have furnished us with materials for our holiday notes on the Craven district and its borders.

THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

IN 1863 was established the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. A Band of Hope may be briefly described as a number of young persons and children banded together under a distinct and definite pledge—"by Divine assistance to abstain from all intoxicating drinks as beverages, and to discountenance all causes and practices of intemperance." The efforts of local and individual teetotallers had, prior to 1863, founded societies of this class up and down the country; and to unite these was, and is, the mission of the Union. The Rev. William Caine, M.A., is the president; and among the vice-presidents, the Revs. James Bardsley, Charles Garrett, S. A. Steinthal, and J. Gutteridge, are to be found; whilst of laymen, W. R. Callender, John Ashworth, Benjamin and Robert Whitworth. W. Hoyle, R. Baxendale, and the like, are prominent.

In the two counties some 297 Bands of Hope, with at least 50,000 children, are affiliated to the union. Mr. Peter Spence calls these children "The hope of the coming age." 390 voluntary advocates address these children from time to time, and 100 meetings are held each week, and two paid agents are constantly at work with that great delight of children, big and small, a magic lantern. Of course the sum of five shillings, which each society pays to the union, cannot cover the expenses of the union, and so a subscription list exists, which brings in some £75 per annum, and from other sources the income is raised to over £213 per annum. The expenditure is kept well within bounds, and the personal items are remarkably low. The balance sheet is the most satisfactory one we have yet looked at, and is thoroughly business-like. The union has its magazine and its quarterly paper, and also issues a large number of fly-sheets. *Onward*, the magazine, is a fair specimen of its class, and, considering the voluntary nature of its contents, fairly up to the mark.

Doubtless such an organization as this Union must swell the Temperance ranks, and only extreme objectors can find fault with or forbid the bringing up children without the knowledge of drink. Yet objection has been and is taken by many earnest men—our own good bishop especially—to the pledge. They urge that when it is taken the children are too young to understand the burden of an obligation, which in after life might prove intolerable, and the objectors think that advantage is taken of their inexperience. The Bishop of Manchester, as a churchman, reminded his co-religionists that at baptism a child's sponsors undertook that he or she should renounce the sinful lusts of the world, and argued that, with churchmen at least, what was required was rather that godfathers and godmothers should keep their pledges than seek to back out of the obligation by making the child undertake their promised work. Whether the Bishop was right or wrong in theory we do not know, but in practice we will back the pledge against both godfathers and godmothers. Taking the pledge, be it right or wrong, inculcates a certain degree of obstinacy, not unmixed with pride, in these young folk. Perhaps the Bishop will attend at the coming festival in the Free Trade Hall. He will be very welcome, and perhaps he might be prompted to give one of his broad, common-sense speeches.

We are not members of any Band of Hope, nor are we in any sense abstainers, but in the present exceptional state of things as an educational and as a holiday-giving movement, we gladly welcome all Bands of Hope. The drum and fife bands attached to some districts are capital things for the children, and while longing for the day in which even a band of hopist may drink his glass of beer as a pledge to true temperance, yet, in the words of the Bishop, "though we cannot join them, yet we wish them and their cause God speed."

A PRIMITIVE METHODIST CAMP MEETING.

IN Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Dred* we find a description of a camp-meeting which we have no doubt is, or was, a truthful representation of an American assembly of the kind. The scene is laid in a dense forest, in which the tents of the worshippers are pitched; for, we are told, "the spending of three or four days and nights on the ground is deemed an essential part of the service." The pulpit is erected in a partially cleared space, and the preachers continue their wild and fervid addresses to a large crowd after the sun has gone down, with the moon and stars shining above, and the tall pines whispering around. The most intense excitement ensues, and men and women fall on their knees and cry aloud. Anything so picturesque as this could not, of course, be expected in Manchester. We are fortunate, as a people, in being enabled to see most of the sights of the day, or, at least, they are offered to us for our observation. But what we gain in variety we lose in intensity, and the majority of our spectacles take only a modified form. The camp-meeting at which we were present on Monday evening last was held on a plot of land in Union Street, Higher Ardwick. Instead of

> The forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,

the camp-ground was surrounded by particularly tall brick houses, such as Ardwick is most famous for. Two lurries, which were painfully suggestive of commercial pursuits, accommodated the speakers, who occupied two forms thereon, and a number of the juveniles of the neighbourhood sat on the edges of the conveyances, with their dirty little legs dangling over the sides. Several rows of forms were ranged in front of the lurries, and were filled with people, principally women, who looked up at the speakers very attentively, and had evidently got on their Sunday clothes. A promiscuous crowd stood round, and amongst them we noticed several men with hymn-books, who were apparently in some way officially connected with the gathering. There were also workmen with cans, who had paused on their way homeward, slipshod women who had wandered from their houses, a policeman who had halted on his beat, and a stray railway porter.

The preachers did not *look* like a powerful body of men, and if we had not heard any of them speak, we should have formed a rather disparaging estimate of their capabilities. They were mostly slight in build, and some of them had that harmless, dove-like cast of countenance, which is vulgarly spoken of as the "mild-as-milk" look. The chairman was also a very quiet sort of personage. On his right was a delicate-looking man, who was pointed out to us as the Rev. Danzy Sheen, a "star" from London. We have often wondered whether ministers assume names the same as other professional characters do. Mr. Danzy Sheen attracted our attention, owing to his manner of moving his head and hands during the singing, as if keeping time. We are almost certain that he was profoundly in earnest; but it

BRITISH MUSEUM

looked odd. When we arrived on the ground a young minister was speaking. He was of the Lancashire Lad type. Bare-headed, with a small Bible in one hand, and a keen, determined face, he was calling upon the people in a loud, clear voice to accept salvation. The theology of his address was very simple. "It was only be a Christian and be saved, or only don't and be damned." He did not want, he said, to deal in sophistry; he wanted them to put sophistry aside. What he did want was experimental Christianity. He wished them to try coming to Christ, and then they would know the truth of these things. It wasn't a matter to be argued about; it was a thing to be experienced or felt. But they might remember that Paul, endowed with all the learning of his time, had been converted and had preached the gospel. Another speaker followed, and in a very methodical style delivered a sermon on a few of the exercises and disciplines of the Christian life. The best idea that we can give of this address is to say that it was in the manner of Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*.

It had now grown almost dark, and it was very cold. The chairman announced, therefore, that the meeting would adjourn to the Ardwick Town Hall, and intimated his wish that the congregation should form into a procession, and walk through the streets singing "a grand old Methodist hymn." At this the bulk of the people began to hurry away, whereupon e'er the chairman had well finished speaking, the rest of the ministers placed themselves at the head of a section of the gathering and proceeded to "move on," singing in a straggling manner. But the chairman knew better than this, and calling out, "Wait for me," he jumped from his elevation and hastened after the little crowd. Placing himself at its head, he stopped it, and, beginning a slower tune in more of a marching measure, succeeded in getting a steady volume of sound. The power of music is great; it steals into our souls, and awakens all the latent enthusiasm in our nature. As the band of singers moved forward in the mysterious twilight, numbers of the faint-hearted joined the ranks, people came to their house doors and windows to listen, and pedestrians, who walked on the footpath, moved more slowly by the side of the singers on the cartway, and hummed the tune.

The camp-meeting which we have thus partially described, and which thus terminated, for the gathering in the hall was of course deprived of the essential characteristic of such an assembly, was certainly a very different affair from those great meetings from which Primitive Methodism originated, when thousands of people assembled on Mow Hill, and were addressed simultaneously from four or five platforms, the meetings commencing at six o'clock in the morning and lasting till the close of day. It wanted much of the extravagance of those extraordinary gatherings, and likewise the strange results. But nevertheless it was a spectacle worth seeing. We could get from it an idea of what Methodism was at first, and see something of the zeal which made it such a startling and significant fact. We won't venture to offer an opinion whether or not true Methodism generally is declining; that statement has been too passionately denied by Methodist ministers for us to urge it. But it does seem to us that Methodism in all its various recognized branches has been exhibiting tendencies to become nothing more than another 'ism. It started into existence as a great reviving agency, and as such spread with wonderful celerity through the length and breadth of the land. Some sparks of the old fire yet burn in the ranks of the Primitives, but even they, whose greatest glory has long been to be the feeders of the churches generally, diving down into the unlit depths of misery and vice to introduce in some way thoughts of a higher and purer life, are beginning to measure themselves with sectarian pride and to count their numbers rather than their victories. Is this the reason why the camp-meetings are less powerful?

But after all has been said against the Primitives, there remains much to attract our attention. As a rule they are a somewhat illiterate body of people, but they understand their work. It is about as foolish to estimate the religious intellectuality of a community of professing Christians by the number of artists, poets, painters, and inventors who have risen amongst them, as we heard a secularist lecturer do the other evening, as it would be to estimate a man's handwriting by his morality. The difference between the Primitives and all other Methodists like them and other Christian communities seems to us to be that the former are more consistently devoted to their faiths. They stop short of theology, and put it to you thus: "Did you ever know a man on his deathbed regret not being a Christian, and did you ever know a man in the same condition regret being one?" They ask for experimental religion, and in so doing remind us of one of the greatest expounders of natural law, who stopped the sneer of a friend at religion with the words, "I have experimented in these things; you have not." It is more than probable that the simplicity of these men's doctrnies, and the crudity of their peculiar efforts, do not recommend themselves to all people; but it remains a question whether in principle they are not right. The first camp-meetings were held by Christ and the apostles; and we may with great pertinence ask, how many other congregations would sit in the open air, and promenade the streets singing, in the hope of attracting the outcast to their standard? All that seems humorous is not ridiculous, but sometimes very much the reverse.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A GOURMAND.

I AM a fanatic on the subject of soup. It has long been decided that the child is father to the man, and from the far-off days of childhood I still vividly recall the warning glances of my devoted mother, and see again the suppressed smile with which my father was wont to say, "Remove the soup, James." Years afterwards, when any opportunity of indulgence offered—at other people's expense—how greedily I seized it, and gnashed my teeth at the idiotic custom that forbade a second edition of turtle or julienne! How awfully my appetite was whetted by these phantom feasts: they were too much for my philosophy, and on the following day I was often wont to startle my housekeeper by prodigious gastronomic orders, generally cancelled within the succeeding ten minutes. Considerations prudential and moral were my better angels. Home-grown meat was rapidly reaching famine prices. This alarming state of the market touched my pocket, and the supply was daily growing more unequal to the demand. Moreover, I was unwilling to add my mite to the general scarcity, considering that a single individual who wastes on the gratification of his appetite an amount of food sufficient to feed three persons may in some sense be justly chargeable with assisting to starve two fellow-creatures, and against this my conscience pulled me up rather short. Still I was unhappy, for I seemed to love in vain—to worship at a shrine from whence no substantial or permanent comfort could be derived. My days were consumed in idle longings and vain regrets. I wanted only a little more hardiness to have plunged fathoms deep in the sweet misery of soup. Methinks I hear you whisper in my ear, "Why the deuce didn't you occasionally propose to a shin of beef; a neck of mutton; or a knuckle of veal, and enjoy the legitimate pleasure of lawful union." The idea had often presented itself, but I remembered the old adage, *facilis descensus*, and resisted the temptation.

Often and often during this period of painful strife, my drooping hopes were revived by announcements of certain preparations in diminutive tins, forwarded from countries blessed with superfluous beef and mutton, which articles, manufactured on chemical principles, were said to be especially adapted for making soups, gravies, and the like, on the shortest notice and in the most absolute perfection. How hopefully I tried them; how signally I failed need scarcely be told. Perhaps the chemistry was too strong; perhaps the beef was too weak; possibly I attached too much importance to the British ox, and was a little prejudiced. It is within the bounds of possibility that, grown nervous, my hand had lost its cunning. Be this as it may, though I made soup from most of the new preparations, I could not eat it. Sometimes its transparency and flavour resembled pump water of the best quality. At others the potage appeared, if one might judge from the taste, to have been composed of herbs, vegetables, and—a cinder. Indeed the burnt relish was too much for my weakened nerves. Soured by repeated misfortunes, I at length abandoned the quest, and strove to persuade myself that I sought an unattainable good, and that it behoved me to give up the chase after an ignis fatuus. Nevertheless, as the ancient war-horse pricks up his ears at the blast of the trumpet, so my madness revived when I passed the shop of some famous restaurant, and felt my person bathed in odours more delicious than Rimmel ever invented.

But virtue sometimes meets with its reward, even in this world. It chanced, during the previous autumn, that whilst on my journey from one of the western counties, *en route* to the Scottish border, I halted for half an hour at the Victoria Station, Manchester; and having nothing better wherewith to beguile the time, listlessly read various announce-

ments of things especially worthy of notice in the city and neighbourhood. As I studied carelessly I derived little intellectual profit from the pursuit. But this apathy suddenly gave place to an eager thirst after a long abandoned science. Gracious heavens! might not I at last be enabled to say "Eurika!" Was it impossible that, after all, the philosopher's stone might at length pass into my possession; or was it only one of the illusions that so often visit enthusiastic projectors and visionaries whose brains have grown half crazed from the contemplation of abstract ideas. Eagerly I again gazed on the long narrow advertisement, whereon was written in green (rather a suspicious colour, by the way), "Geylin's Tapioca Beef Bouillion." Nor was this all. There was food for hope in the particulars. As I devoured these precious words my spirits revived, and my faith grew strong. There was no necessity for my calling to some invisible flunkey—

My tablets—meet it is I set it down.

for I already had it by heart.

My journey being accomplished, on the first hour of my return I hastened to the family grocer, and directed him to send me instantly six large tins of the invaluable commodity. Perhaps my manner was a little excited, for my friend, the purveyor, stared blankly in the face of his constant customer. "Do you not understand," I repeated with some animation; "six pots of Geylin's Tapioca Beef Bouillion."

"Never heard of it, sir."

"Then send for it at once."

Four days after one of the servants entered my study with half-a-dozen cylindrical parcels, each enveloped in the palest whity-brown paper, bearing the name of the immortal French artiste—at least I assume France may justly claim the honour of his birth.

"Surely, master, you haven't ordered all this. You know it never answers."

My reply was practical. I tore off the paper; opened one of the tins; handed her the printed directions, and ordered a basin of soup as soon as possible. I was prepared to wait two hours. But what were two hours? Had I not waited a life-time. Judge at my surprise when in less than ten minutes the lady again made her appearance. There was certainly a marvellous odour of beef stealing through the apartment. The sippits of toast were done to a shade. So far all looked well, but if I live for the next ten years I shall never forget the horror I felt at the longed-for potage. It was a hideous pudding, and resembled nothing on earth but a basin of tapioca coloured with Indian ink. That the beef was there my nostrils convinced me; that the tapioca was there my eyes assured me.

"Did the cook make this—this—soup," I gasped.

"No, Master, she is not at home, and knowing you liked things good, I put in a table-spoonful instead of this," holding up in derision the inventor's measure.

"But I cannot taste the vegetables."

"I did not know they were to be put in."

Hope once more revived.

"Send the housekeeper here the instant she returns, and take away this abominable mess."

"I knew you wouldn't like it," replied the self-satisfied damsel. "Shall I send the parcels back."

In speechless wrath I motioned her to the door, and was left alone in my glory. But I must hasten on, more especially since the latter part of my confessions ought not to be kept from the public an instant longer than may be necessary.

At 6 30 on this memorable day, dinner was on the table as usual. I had forgotten the disappointment of the morning. Could such things be? Yes, there stood the soup tureen, and from it rose scents varied and enchanting. I raised the lid, and beheld a delicate brown fluid, odorous of invisible celery, carrots, and turnips, and with just the suspicion of an onion. My longing was at length gratified, and henceforth I could, with an honest conscience and unmistakable economy, indulge my appetite. I did not continue to luxuriate in this first production of my kitchen beyond a week. I was afraid of a surfeit, and dreaded losing all I had longed for. Besides, imagination had been for some days on the wing, and I desired a sort of course, or continuation of soups, such as pea, carrot, artichoke, julienne, and the like, each of which proved an indisputable success.

If I have sinned in coveting my neighbour's happier means—if I have envied his more large interpretation of duty to his neighbour—I have confessed, and hope to be absolved, more especially as I feel sorely tempted by a kind of offshoot from my earlier propensities to keep the latter part of this confession secret to myself. I never had the happiness of seeing M. Geylin. I have no personal interest in the commodity that entitles him to immortality, but do *you*, dear *Sphinx*, not think I deserve to be plated by a grateful and appreciative public for my philanthropy?

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

NEW TRAFFIC REGULATIONS.

THE omnibus traffic seems to give the authorities a great deal of anxiety. Our readers may remember the memorable code of rules once promulgated by the Watch Committee in relation to this subject. Of that inordinately foolish manifesto few indeed of the provisions could be acted on, but sufficient force was given to the modified code which was adopted to create great havoc and commotion in the traffic of the town. An absurd, hard, and fast rule prevailed, that no omnibus should be permitted to remain upon its stand for more than some specified number of minutes; and the consequence of this ill-advised regulation was, that horses which had just come in from a long run, and were in urgent need of rest and breathing time, were made to drag a lumbering empty 'bus about the streets until the time to start again arrived. Thus the whole traffic of the town was interfered with by perambulating monsters which, if they had only been let alone, would have disturbed nobody. Sometimes one was a witness to the absurdity of a policeman ordering an omnibus to move on when there wasn't any other vehicle in sight. The new regulations proceed on the principle of letting the omnibuses stand as long as they choose, provided not more than a certain number occupy each stand at once. This is a more sensible idea, and will be attended with results much more convenient for everybody.

COMING CHANGES IN THE CATHEDRAL CHAPTER.

The canons of Manchester have not unnaturally been regarded as the quintessence of selfishness and cupidity. Notwithstanding their large incomes, they have literally done nothing for the Church in which they minister. The very cathedral evening services have to be supported by voluntary collections, and, on the rare occasion of a "mission week," or such religious eruption, the canons have been conspicuous by their absence from their cathedral. Their selfishness was well exposed a short time ago in our contemporary, the *City News*, which somewhat startled the Manchester world by publishing a scheme for the redistribution of the cathedral revenues, which scheme has for its prime object an increase of the canons' salaries. A change, however, will soon be inaugurated which will speedily rouse a slumbering canon or two. Honorary Canon Whitelegge is about to resign St. George's, Chester Road, Hulme; and when he does resign, his living will become attached to a canonry. It will then be offered to the canons in rotation, and if they do not accept it and its duties they must resign. It is expected, and ardently hoped, that they will all resign, and so let a clean sweep be made.

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS OF MODERN TIMES."

We lately came across a copy of that valuable paper, the Manchester *Observer*, the disinterested organ whose sole literary achievements consist in the occasional production of a paragraph highly eulogistic of the theatrical management which gives it birth. From this precious journal we were startled to discover that the drama now being acted at the Theatre Royal was "the greatest success of modern times." Our interest was further heightened by the criticisms of the morning press. The *Courier* chronicled the reproduction of the Whitsuntide attraction at this theatre (which we noticed at the time), with changes in the cast which it considered hardly for the better. The *Guardian* in its own good time recorded the production, but was of opinion that the changes in the cast were an improvement. Doctors disagreeing thus, we thought the best way was to judge for ourselves, and the opinion we have come to is that both are right and both are wrong. Undoubtedly, the substitution of Mr. Harker for Mr. Clifford Cooper, in the part of Foster, is a great change for the worse—we must suppose, an unavoidable one. But the substitution of Miss Louisa Moore for Miss Bessie King is certainly to realise

Amy Robsart infinitely better to the eye of the spectator. For the rest, although it is a great pleasure to see Miss Moore again upon the stage, associated with the memory of her girlhood and the sister whom in her attire as Amy Robsart she resembles almost painfully, it must be granted that the onerous part is rather more than she is physically able to accomplish. She is Amy Robsart certainly, but probably Amy Robsart herself could not have adequately represented Amy Robsart on the stage. The Theatre Royal is a large house, and it wants a deal of filling. All that is sweet, and graceful, and afflicted in the part Miss Moore with ease portrays—her scene before the Queen being perhaps her most successful effort,—but she hardly has sufficient power of tongue and lung to give the sterner speeches with due force. Still, barring Mr. Emery's Varney, hers is the best portrait in the piece; and in one sense she makes a better Amy than a stronger actress might, inasmuch as she possesses the rare power of coming up to one's ideal of the personal appearance of one of the fairest heroines of fiction.

IMPORTANT TO THIEVES AND FENCES.

The thanks of all millowners, machinists, and engineers are due to the members who introduced the clause into the Prevention of Crime Bill forbidding the purchase of small quantities of old metal. Under a penalty of £5, no dealer is to buy less than 112lbs. of lead, or less than 56lbs. of copper, brass, tin, pewter, or German silver. The provision extends as to whether the metals are new or old, and includes persons who deal in such articles only, or together with the second-hand goods or marine stores. The loss to owners of machinery by the constant theft of fittings, in Manchester alone, has been calculated at many thousands yearly. Valuable fittings, worth pounds, are often thus sold for as many pence. Not long ago a marine store dealer was sentenced at the assizes to a long term of penal servitude: the fittings he gave 2s. 6d. for cost their owner £15. It is to be hoped the police will stringently enforce the new law.

MR. ALBERY'S NEW COMEDY.

The London critics are unanimous in pronouncing Mr. Albery's last venture at the Vaudeville a failure. They admit that it was welcomed with tumultuous approbation, but they cannot see in the comedy itself any justification for so enthusiastic a reception. It is evident, from their description, that the fears we have expressed about this drama have been verified. Mr. Albery has succumbed to that coarse and farcical spirit which the better class of critics saw and reprehended in *Two Roses*. It appears to have developed in his later piece to an unprecedented height. The comedy, all grant, is turned into a farce and ruined by the introduction of the vulgar hero of a music-hall, The Great Baggs, who is wheeled into an apple orchard on a railway truck, and goes through the stock antics of burlesque. It seems to us, so far as we can judge from the accounts, that rigorous revision may transform the piece into a fair success, but all its chances of a triumph are quite gone. The *Apple Blossoms* have been blighted.

SHALL OUR MUSEUMS BE OPEN ON SUNDAYS?

Mr. Councillor Dyson, of Salford, has two crazes—a nondescript weir yclept "Martin's" and the opening of Peel Park Museum on Sundays. If it were Peel Park Museum that was alone concerned the matter would be easily settled, for there is nothing in the place worth visiting on a week day, let alone Sundays, and Mr. Dyson, as a member of the Park Committee, has helped to reduce it to its present deg aded level. But Mr. Dyson's resolution raises the whole Sunday question. When Mr. Wood moved that the Greengate Library should be open as a reading-room on Sundays we were entirely with him, and we still think that one great thing needed to draw our population from Sunday drinking is the opening of reading-rooms in every ward, together with a systematic establishment of small recreation grounds in definite proportion to population. Perhaps Mr. Wood might be induced to re-introduce his proposal for the opening of Greengate Library on Sundays. It ought to be an annual motion. In a year or two we believe it would be carried.

SPORTING NEWS.

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

Rataplan, Watchman, and Clifden out of the *Manchester Guardian*, *Examiner*, and *Courier*. None of these horses appeared (in print) at Doncaster. The advertising tipsters have also been struck out.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE SERMONIZER.

THIS word sermonizer has got diverted from its original meaning, as I take it, and, instead of indicating a person who preaches sermons, is now generally understood as pointing to a layman who expresses himself with the same tedium as that which characterizes the majority of pulpit discourses. When we speak of a person sermonizing, we mean that he has been boring you with vapid sentiments and tedious repetitions. Society, as a rule, would, however, be slow to speak in the same disrespectful manner of the real culprits, and superficially, no doubt, I shall lose caste by alluding to the bishops and clergy of all denominations—all clergy, in fact, that on earth do dwell—especially those of the church of this realm as by law established, for whom our prayers are particularly desired, as for the most part not preachers but sermonizers. I say for the most part, because there are exceptions to the rule; but the rule is there notwithstanding. Will the well-to-do middle-class Britisher admit it? The well-to-do middle-class Britisher will do nothing of the kind, and for the best of all reasons, viz., because he does not know what an inferior mech nism the ordinary sermon is. This is a most fatal characteristic, because, whilst the people do not rise in revolt, the dreary "bumming away," as the northern farmer calls it, will continue and become not better but, if possible, much worse. Until an edict against going to sleep in church has been issued from the Home Office there will be no appreciable alteration in the ordinary run of sermons.

It is the thing to go to church—milliners, dressmakers, tailors would be ruined if it were otherwise. There is always something to be got out of it in Philistine circles—at least it is believed so, though in this there is much pretence; and, as the sermons can scarcely be worse than they have been now for many years, the long train of church-goers cannot be shortened by the tedious display with which the service concludes. How is it that clergymen, who ordinarily are men of learning and information, who, as companions, are amongst the most delightful that one can wish to meet, throwing out bright flashes of light over many subjects, taking strong bull's-eye lanterns and holding them directly in the face of shams and impostures, should so frequently appear paralyzed mentally when they attempt to deal with the great truths of Christianity, or even to teach or exhort their flocks in the simplest moralities? I am sure that many of us must have noticed this—how the bright keen intellect at the dinner table seems to evolve nothing but the dullest material in the pulpit. Between the Saturday night and the Sunday morning the reverend gentleman appears to have been baked hard and dried up. He stands like a schoolboy saying his task with the birch rod hanging o'er him. That in an elocutionary sense many men should fail need not surprise us; knee-quaking and profuse sweating will always accompany certain men when they have to speak to their fellow-creatures in public—but nervousness need not affect the matter of the manuscript from which they read. A man of intelligence writing in his study upon themes which have been familiar to him from his college days, and his allegiance to which he has signalized under the hand of his bishop—themes which the prophets and martyrs of old have caused to ring throughout an unbelieving world—ought surely to be able to construct something like a connected and interesting essay on the same theme, so that human heart in the pulpit might be linked to human heart in the pew by some of the sweet Psalms of David, or some of the wrapt utterances of the Prophets. But is it so?

Some one has recently pointed out in the newspapers (for we know that an agitation in this direction is commencing—the laity is on strike or near unto it) the different demeanour of the little charity children under the reading of the Scriptures and under

the sermon. During the latter they contrive diversions to ease the weariness of their spirits; during the former they listen to the parables and the miracles as to things which have some human interest in them. It will not suffice in order to account for the weary dreariness, sometimes Dundreariness, of these sermons to say that there are some men in holy orders whom nature designed for rough riders, gamekeepers, licensed victuallers, and the like, because I have frequently found that men of this class preach the most interesting discourses, which, if they be not always of their own composition, have nevertheless been chosen with a view to the edification of their flocks from the collections of others. I have never sympathized with those whose anger is aroused by the fact of a clergyman preaching other people's sermons when they happen to be good ones, and if my own clergyman were not a good preacher himself, I should take the liberty of suggesting to him that on Sunday evenings he should give us a course of sermons by the giant preachers of Great Britain, not going too far back, but giving us a taste of Sterne, Sidney Smith, Chalmers, Robertson, Melville, Robert Hall, Robert Mc. All, and others, avoiding the living preachers. Could there be any objection to this? What would the bishop say? I should think, pursued by the reporters as he is, that now and then he would be glad to renew his acquaintance with the ripe old preachers, and make his laity acquainted with them at the same time. Not that this is necessary with Dr. Fraser, who does infuse some human flavour into his sermons, and whose sympathizing soul and quick physical pulse enable him to get at his hearers and to interest them.

An M.A. of Cambridge has recently written a letter to say that two sermons per week are too much, and that the period of gestation should be longer. For my own part I quite agree with this conscientious Cantab. But how if after the longest hen-sitting the egg be but an addled one after all? By all means sit, my reverend friend, and sit still. Don't get off the nest until the undertaker calls you. The moment you hatch you disturb the pleasant elements of human nature by addled homilies or omelets. I think it is so wicked, for the sake of decorum or from a mistaken notion of the sanctity of the office of sermonizing, to pretend that bad sermons are good ones. On that principle a bad sermon, that is to say a sermon by which preacher and preachee lose precious time, can never be delivered at all. As long as the reverend gentleman drones on a scriptural topic in the ordinary pulpit humdrum, it is impossible, according to some people, that he can deserve censure. What such preachers must think of themselves has long been a riddle to me. That they should not run down a steep place into the sea or offer themselves at a marine store shop for sale as old iron passes my comprehension. Yet we see them, some of them, blandly toothing their twaddly didacticisms, which are as limp as jelly-fish, and smiling over the pulpit edge as if they were about to give a good dinner to the congregation and were telling them what there was going to be. Their idea is that the congregation is enjoying this verbiage, whereas all the time the "snarchen," as the Germans call it, is rising up from the noses of the congregation like retributive incense and crying to heaven for vengeance on the culprit in the pulpit.

I am glad there is a probability of a strike. I have felt inclined myself sometimes to say to the sermonizer, "hold your noise;" but the sermonizer has been beforehand with irreverent persons, and brawling in church has been made a penal offence. If tedious discourses were placed in the same category, what a lot of summonses would be issued next Monday morning!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents who desire the return of unaccepted communications should enclose stamps for the postage. Orders for copies of the *Sphinx* and back numbers should be addressed to the Publisher and not to the Editor.

No notice can be taken, in the Number for each current week, of any communication received later than Wednesday morning.

MY FIRST PLAY.

MY first play, or, to speak more correctly, the first play which I ever saw acted, for I never wrote one, and don't suppose I ever shall, was performed in a small country town devoted to law, county meetings of landed proprietors, and the instruction of youth. Various writers have narrated to us their first impressions on visiting a theatre. Latterly, and particularly at Christmas, these experiences have chiefly referred to the glories of modern pantomime. Such was not my experience, for I was over twenty years of age before I ever witnessed a pantomime. At that time I was already familiar with the histrionic efforts and excellences of Mr. Macready, Mr. Kean, Mr. Farren the elder, Miss Ellen Tree, Madame Vestris, Mr. C. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and most of the leading actors and actresses of the day, and, perhaps, this may be the reason why I do not sufficiently appreciate the pantomimic entertainments which are annually served up to us. Showy, garish scenery, and tedious, meaningless transformation scenes, with fairies in the shape of so many ballet girls strapped in impossible positions to the boughs of trees, have few charms for me. It is, perhaps, owing to my early education having been neglected in this respect that I am cynical and sceptical on the subject, but I firmly believe that nine people out of ten you meet would say that they prefer a good play and rattling farce to a pantomime any day.

"When first I saw a play," as the old song says, it was not the custom, as in these times, to take infants of tender years to see pantomimes, when they either ought be in their beds or enjoying themselves much more at home, with Dolly or "the bricks." Boys and girls who can read and understand fairy tales, and are intimately acquainted with the histories of Cinderella, Robinson Crusoe, Jack the Giant Killer, Little Red Ridinghood, and such like heroes and heroines of pantomime, are all very well, but the poor, little, scared, over-dressed wretches, from three to six years of age, whom I see at pantomimes, are to be pitied. Repeatedly have I seen them frightened out of their wits, and glad to creep on to their mother's or attendant's laps before the first scene is got through. I believe that there is a vast deal of inconsequential twaddle talked about the delights which very young children experience from pantomimes, and that they are as much out of place there as they are at the so-called Children's Parties, where supper is served up to them with all manner of delicacies and champagne, and they are kept out of their beds three or four hours later than usual.

Having delivered my soul of the burden of this exordium, I can with an easy mind approach the subject of this paper. I had arrived at the mature age of ten, when it was announced by various bills in the shop windows of the town in which I lived, and by the sending round of the town crier, that Mr. Bryer's celebrated company of comedians had arrived, and would on four evenings of each week, for a short period, perform the most celebrated plays before the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. Whenever any attraction of this nature occurred in the somnolent old town in which I lived with my mother and sisters and brothers, a certain benevolent old gentleman, with a very bald head and cheeks of a ruddy and port-wine hue, invariably arrived at an early hour with a bundle of tickets of admission for our acceptance. The performances announced for the night in question in which I was to be introduced to the glories of a theatre, consisted of the well-known dramatic and operatic version of Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy*, to be followed by Douglas Jerrold's drama of *Black Eyed Susan*. My acquaintance with dramatic literature at that time was small, indeed I may say it was nil, and I had never read any of Scott's novels. I had once made an attempt to read *Hamlet*, but I recollect I could make nothing of it, and came to the same conclusion which Mr. Alderman Willert arrived at two years since—that the Ghost was the principal character in the play. Of theatres and theatricals I knew absolutely nothing even by hearsay, although I recollect that in the nursery there hung a very gay portrait of the celebrated Miss Foote, wearing a lofty bonnet, a pointed parasol, and alarmingly thin shoes with sandals. The nearest approach to anything theatrical which I had experienced was that we used to endeavour to perform occasionally "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage—A Drama," as written in the *Evenings at Home*, by Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Aitken, a work of an entertaining although somewhat didactic nature. In the performance of this drama, we generally quarrelled about the allotment of characters, as I have heard that real actors and actresses sometimes do. I know

that all of us desired to play the part of the neatherd's wife, because we thought we could come out strong in the scolding scene, where the king burns the cakes, and bring down the house with the celebrated point, "You oaf, you lubber, you lazy loon." As, however, we had no audience, it did not much signify.

The strolling company of which Mr. Bryer, the tragedian, was the manager and leading actor, had engaged an oblong room, reached by a flight of stairs from the outside, and used as the Freemasons' Lodge. This room was fitted up with a stage at the extreme end. The orchestra consisted of two fiddlers and a flutist, who occupied three chairs at the wing. The dress circle was composed of three or four reserved benches in front, the pit of a number of benches immediately behind, and the gallery of a few elevated seats at the back. I remember very well, after ascending the flight of stairs leading to the theatre, and giving our tickets at the door to a woman of dingy appearance, who afterwards turned out to be Helen Macgregor, the manager's wife, I felt extremely hot and excited, and there was a remarkably strong smell of oil lamps and tallow candles, mingled with orange peel and sawdust. The orchestra—that is to say, the two fiddlers and the flutist, who were discharged militiamen engaged in the civil capacity of gardener, coachman, and factotum to gentlemen in the town—were playing Scotch airs with remarkable liveliness and spirit, and the pit and gallery kept beating time with their feet. When the curtain rose I became unconscious of everything except the stage. The manager, who acted the part of the bold outlaw, was a short, thick-set man, very much resembling Mr. Charles Dillon, only fatter. His style of acting was a combination of the method of that energetic tragedian and of Mr. Clarence Holt. He scowled ferociously, and did the eyebrow business with much effect. I thought him perfection; and when he doffed the cattle-dealer's costume, and appeared in the full Highland dress and hairy legs of Rob Roy, he informed us that his foot was on his native heath, and his name was Macgregor, I was in ecstacies. The tragedian's beard must have been a source of great annoyance to him, and a stubble, if not a thorn, in his flesh; for the expanse of country which his razor had to traverse of a morning was something enormous, and his cheeks, chin, and throat were very blue and bristly, which did not exactly harmonize with Rob Roy's shock head of red hair. He was well supported by his wife as Helen Macgregor; and when she suddenly appeared on the summit of the rock, elevated about two feet from the stage, wearing a broad Scotch bonnet and feather, and a tartan scarf, and in a commanding tone shouted "Stand! and tell me what ye seek in Macgregor's country," I experienced a sensation which was new to me.

Mr. Bryer's company was a very versatile one, and could play all sorts of characters. For instance, Mr. Smith who on this occasion performed the part of "the Dougal Crater," on a subsequent evening appeared as the haughty Lord Avondale, in the *School of Reform*. I was much struck with his demeanour as that nobleman, and was only disenchanted when he afterwards lighted us down stairs, holding in his hands two spluttering tallow candles, and I found that he was very deeply marked with the smallpox. To return, however, to *Rob Roy*. A very large man, a Mr. Ford, doubled the parts of old Owen, the head clerk of Osbaldeston and Co. and Major Galbraith; and his wife, Mrs. Ford, undertook the part of Frank Osbaldeston. Rashleigh Osbaldeston was played by one of the most truculent, villanous-looking men I ever saw in my life, which rather added to his rendering of the part. I recollect being rather surprised that he had a rent in his tight pantaloons, exposing his flesh. He wore Hessian boots and a slouched hat, and I was much alarmed when he pinked Frank Osbaldeston with his sword and would have despatched him, had it not been for the extremely noisy and sudden interference of Rob Roy. Di Vernon was performed by Rashleigh's wife. She looked extremely pretty, and had lovely painted cheeks and dyed eyelashes. I immediately fell in love with her. The tender passion was not new to me, for at that very time I was much enamoured of a lady, of at least thirty years of age, who sat immediately behind us in church, and sang divinely. Di Vernon cured me of that folly, and a transfer of my affections took place. I never saw the lady off the stage, however, and was subsequently cured of my passion by one of my older schoolfellows informing me that she was a very drunken woman, and behaved so badly to her husband, that she was probably the cause of Rashleigh's hang-dog appearance. The singing of Frank Osbaldeston and Diana Vernon, although somewhat shrill, and perhaps not so good as that of Captain Lathbury and Miss Emily Cross in these characters, was on the whole very effective, and when they took leave of each other, backing out at opposite sides, kissing their hands, and vowing that though they left each other now in sorrow, smiles would light their loves to-morrow, they were much applauded. The great scene of the drama was that in Jean McAlpine's cottage, where the encounter takes place between Baillie Jarvie, Osbaldestone, Andrew Fairservice, and Major Galbraith and the Highlanders. When the Baillie seized the red-hot poker, and brandishing it about, applied it to the Major's posterior, I screamed with laughter, as I do to this day whenever I see the same scene enacted. Baillie Jarvie was played by a little fellow from Glasgow, and I believe he performed the part admirably, for when I afterwards saw the great actor, Mackay, in the same part, I was not much struck with the difference.

When the play was over I was thunderstruck by my eldest sister, who was four years my senior, saying that it was all stuff, that the story was quite spoiled, and that the Di Vernon of the evening was no more like Scott's Diana than I was. I was much shocked, but did not agree with her. Since that day, however, I have considerably modified my views. Between *Rob Roy* and *Black Eyed Susan* there were songs by members of the company. I was equally charmed by Jerrold's delightful and pathetic drama, and believe shed tears copiously, as I have frequently done since at the same representation. Manager Bryer appeared as William and excelled himself. He stamped, roared, and bellowed like a bull, and when he got upon the table and was about to be hanged, and finally leaped from the gallows and clasped "Seusan" in his arms, I thought I should have fainted. My sisters laughed at me and I was amazed at their obduracy.

THE REV. R. ADAMS ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE Rev. Mr. Adams, of St. Stephen's, Hulme, appears to have a specialité for the organization of Sunday Schools, and has laboured in and about the dead level of City Road for the past six years, with as much success as the nature of the case admits of. He has embodied the result of his experience in a *Handbook for the Sunday School*, or manual of suggestions for the clergy, superintendents, and teachers. The book is, of course, written from a Church of England point of view, the theory being that the parson is in some way responsible for the religious education of all the children in his parish, which probably means no more than that he is to do with such of them as he can get hold of. In any possible interpretation of this theory by practice, the government of the school must be either of a monarchical nature or a despotism tempered by those deadweights, the ignorance and self-sufficiency of his helpers.

We do not see that there is any new plan or system suggested by the book, but it is not much the worse for that. Our experience in these matters leads us to think that one system is as good as another, and only a great deal better by hard, continuous, and, as the motto to the City Arms suggests, conciliatory labour. Scholars may, as a rule, be had, like cinders, for the taking. They troop in, it seems puzzling at first to know whence, but, except the school is to beecme a riotous playground, they must have teachers—one to every dozen on the books, if possible—and the great difficulty is how to get them and keep them. Rules are of little use, for as a man is, in great measure, what he makes himself, so a Sunday School depends almost entirely upon the parson for its usefulness or otherwise, and next upon the superintendents.

Besides time-tables for the elder and younger classes, there is a lectionary from the whole of the Bible, followed by lists of text-books on subjects with which a skilled teacher should instruct himself or be instructed, and of books suitable for reading aloud during a portion of the school time. The latter is attractive, but it is a practice of doubtful advantage. We don't quite agree with Mr. Adams in his suggestion that the confirmation classes, past or future, the *confirmati* and the *confirmaturi*, should sit about generally where they liked. It is in this division that it is more desirable that an *esprit de corps* should be cultivated than in any other; but we quite approve the suggestion that children whose parents are in church should be handed over to their care. If the teacher, who has been probably hard at work all week, is not only to teach in the school but to act afterwards as policeman in church, he

might, for any good he will get from the religious service, as well be at home, and better for his rest of body and peace of mind; and those who are unable to take care of themselves, and whose natural guardians will not, ought to be dismissed from church at the end of the Litany, just after half-past eleven, by which time they will have endured two long mortal hours of restraint and an extreme of either heat or cold.

Mr. Adams is a reformer on the subject of school treats. "The reckless manner," he says, "in which school treats have been given to Sunday scholars, especially in some parts of England (why not say Manchester at once?), has done much to lower the tone of our Sunday Schools, and suggests that the different religious bodies might arrange some uniform plan of action with reference to treats, so as to obviate the many evils attending them.

One cannot, of course, expect in a lit'le sixpenny book the varied excellence of the larger work of Mr. Furnis; but then, that is not a book for everybody and this is, at least for every Church Sunday School superintendent and teacher with a spare sixpence in his pocket.

THE SONG OF WIZARD-NORTH-A.

NOT BY LONGFELLOW.

ON the walls and on the bridges,
In the papers, in the dailies,
In the weeklies, in our *Sphinx* too,
All who run have read with wonder,
All who walked have stopped and gazéd,
At the 'tizements, at the pictures,
Which foretold a Wizard's advent,
Of the North a wizard mighty,
Of the South magician premier,
Of the East by far most potent,
Of the West to all superior.

Said the 'tizements, said the pictures,
No magician yet can touch him.
Or before him was there ever
One whose spells were e'er obeyed
By the sprites and by the spirits
Whose it is to wait on magic,
Whose it is to obey wizards.
None before him ere took bank-notes,
None before him ere took ladies'
Rings, and jammed them in a pistol,
Fired the pistol in the thin air,
And to smithereens sent all things,
Rings and bank-notes, much the ladies
Fearing; trembling for their losses,
Looking foolish that they trusted,
Rings their sweethearts, rings their husbands,
Gave them as love-pledges lately
Or in years gone by—lamented
That they handed to the Wizard.
And, behold! from out a saucepan,
Into which some eggs are broken,
Come some doves with necks encircled
With a string, to which suspended,
Safe and sound, appears each ring, and,
Gathered from the wind's four quarters
In a candle are the bank notes.

Of these wonders, and a thousand
Others, tell the 'tizements truly,
And the likewise truly gorgeous
Pictures which, at every corner,
Crowds crowd up to, gaping widely,
At the wonders there depicted.

Should you ask me what the name is,
Should you ask me what his titles,
Should you ask me from whence springs he,
Who does all this mighty magic,
I should answer, I should tell you,
Anderson, the Great Professor,
Anderson, the Wizard of the
North and South, and East and West, and
Father of those wondrous daughters,
Lizzie, Louey, Ada, and a
Son, and nigger servant with a
Face as black as coal, but hands as
White as lilies of the valley,
And a man who takes the money.

From whence he comes I cannot tell you,
Where he'll go to 's best unsaid, for
Many reasons charitable;
For Old Nick is sure his father,
Else such wonders ne'er could do he
Were the Old One not his helper.
How could he make pretty Ada
Sleep as calmly, hung in mid-air,
As she would on bed and bolster,
Made of down, and sheets of linen,
Were the Tail'd one not his right-hand?
How could Louise, the sweet player,
Do the "retro-reminiscent
Orthographist" (which is English
For a backward way of spelling,
Like a crab's walk on the sea-shore
If Zatanos were not near him?
How could Lizzie, half a bloomer,
Make the very flies, called Butter-
Flies, obey her fan's lithe motion?

Much more, even to a *Sph'nx*-ful—
Much more, even to two numbers,
Might I write of deeds of wonder,
Deeds of magic, deeds of glamour,
Wrought out nightly, before thousands
Of our free and much-enlightened
Fellow-Citizens and Burgesses.

But the Editor, grim, unbending,
Calls a halt, suspends my story,
Makes me bury in oblivion
Quite a hundred brilliant fancies;
So, I've only room to utter
To the Prospero of the Period,
To Rob Roy of auld acquaintance,
And his charming three Mirandas,
Genial welcome to the city,
And the *Sphinx's* salutation
To the one, the only wizard,
Ere he breaks his wand for ever.

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Quin and Foote, the actors, having been invited to Lord Halifax's at Hampstead, went out to walk, and—but the rest of the story has been told in the following rhyme:—

As Quin and Foote one day walked out
To view the country round,
In merry mood they chatting stood,
Hard by a village pound.

Foote from his fob a shilling took,
And said, "I'll bet a penny
In a small space, near to this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea!"

Then on the ground, within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown;
"Behold" said he, "the thing's made out,
For there is one pound one."

"I wonder not," said Quin, "that thought
Should in your head be found,
For that's the way you pay your debts,
A shilling in the pound!"

cockroaches away; and you know what a many bugs and fleas we had, and how it killed them like magic. Sold by chemists, in packets, 1d., 3d., 6d., and 1s. each; wholesale, Blossom-street, Manchester.

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Cheap One or Three Days' Trip to London for 8s.
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION at KENSINGTON.
On SATURDAY, 16th SEPTEMBER, A CHEAP EXCURSION to LONDON (King's Cross), for one or three days, will run as under:—

Stations.	Time of Starting	Fares to London (King's Cross) and back.	
	a.m.	1st Class	Cov. Car.
Manchester (London-road)	12 5	16s.	8s.
Guide Bridge	12 15		
Newton	12 20		
Godley Junction	12 25		
Mottram	12 30		
Glossop	12 30		
Dinting	12 35		
London.....arr. about	7 20		

Returning from London (King's Cross) at 9-15 p.m. the same day, or at 11-30 p.m. on Monday, 18th September.

Tickets, Bills, and every information can be had in Manchester, at the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Booking Offices; also, at 6, Brown-street (opposite the Post Office); of the usual Agents, and at the above Stations.

London Road Station, Manchester,
September, 1871.

R. G UNDERDOWN,
General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN, & MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON.
A CHEAP EXCURSION TO LONDON (King's Cross Station), will run as under, on MONDAY, 18th SEPTEMBER.

STATIONS.	Time. morn.	Time. morn.	Fares to London, King's Cross, and Back. Cov. Car.	First Class.
MANCHESTER, London-rd. dp	—	10 10		
OLDHAM, Clegg-street	—	9 40		
STALYBRIDGE	—	9 55		
ASHTON, Park Parade	—	9 59	s.	s.
NEW MILLS	8 49	—	15	25
GUIDE BRIDGE	—	10 20		
STOCKPORT, Tiviot Dale	9 40	—		
LONDON, King's Cross, ar. ab	4 0	5 25		

Returning from King's Cross at 11 a.m. on Friday, 22nd September.

Tickets, bills, and every information can be had in Manchester at the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Booking Offices; also, at 6, Brown-street (opposite the Post Office); of the usual agents, and at the above Stations.

R. G. UNDERDOWN,
General Manager.

London Road Station,
Manchester, Sept., 1871

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHEAP WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN.

Every Friday and Saturday, until Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN, by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for returning by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

Stations.	FARES. To Buxton. 1st Cls.	To Buxton. 2nd Cls.	To Matlock. 1st Cls.	To Matlock. 2nd Cls.	To Malvern. 1st Cls.	To Malvern. 2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Manchester	6 0	4 6	9 6	7 0	24 0	18 3
Stockport (Tev. Dale)	5 0	3 6	8 6	6 0	22 0	16 0
Stalybridge } Guide Bridge }	5 0	3 6	9 0	6 6	23 6	17 6

In Manchester Tickets can be obtained at Cook's Excursion and Tourist Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALPORT,
Derby, June, 1871. General Manager.

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under the able direction of Mr. O. Gaggs,
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Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.

On Monday, September 18, and during the week, engagement of the wonders of the world, LE PETIT BLONDIN and LA PETITE BLANCHE, the greatest Artistic Rope Performers in the world, from the Cirque Napoleon, Paris, and the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in their wondrous and unparalleled performance on the corde elastique. Important Public Notice!—LE PETIT BLONDIN is the only artiste in the world wh can turn a somersault from feet to feet on the tight rope without the aid of the balance pole! Engagement for a short period only of MADAME PLEON, GENERAL TOM DOT, and MAJOR MITE, who will give their wonderful impersonations of the following artistes:—Vance, Harry Sydney, Lingard, Mrs. Phillips, James Taylor, Louis Lindsey, John Blanchard, Tom Carey, &c. The *Times* (London), Nov. 5th, 1867.—"Little Tom Dot, no bigger than Tom Thumb, though infinitely most amusing, in fact, he is the funniest little fe low of all the diminutives we have ever seen." Engagement of MESSRS. HARVEY and CONNOLLEY, Sensation Duetists, Comedians, Vocalists, and Dancers. Last Six Nights of the Premier Sopra o of the Music Halls, Miss MARION WEBSTER, in her programme of exquisite melodies, from the most eminent composers. Miss Webster will appear each evening about nine o'clock. First appearance of Mr. F. WILLS, Comic Vocalist. Great success and last week of Mr. and Mrs. LANGAN and JOHNNY MILLICENT, the unequalled Trio of Ethiopian Delineators, Vocalists, Excelsior Dancers, &c. Everybody should see "BUSY BROWN!" First appearance of Mr. P. CONNER, Irish Comic Vocalist and Dancer. Notice!—On Friday next, September 22, MISS MARION WEBSTER, the Premier Soprano Vocalist.

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Amongst the stands which attracted marked attention at the Liverpool Agricultural Show was that of Mr. John Owen, of 1, Oldham-street and 80, Deansgate, Manchester, who exhibited a great variety of invalid carriages and perambulators. One of his patents is a neat and elegant children's carriage, which can be used either with a single or double seat, and has the advantage of not exceeding the ordinary size. It is so constructed that one seat slides under the other when both are not required. When we add cheapness to its other advantages, we have said enough to recommend it. Amongst the many invalid carriages which Mr. Owen exhibited, the most noticeable was one called the spinal carriage or couch, for persons suffering from complaints affecting the spine or back. It is a useful and comfortable invention, and can be used either for out-door exercise or in the drawing-room, as its construction admits of the detachment of the upper part from the wheels, so as to form a couch.—*Liverpool Express.*

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Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

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NOTICE.

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Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

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After is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

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will be makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

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out SEM is the greatest delicacy, prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

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OLINA. is very economical.
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MAYAR'S HOMINY,
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SAFOLOID.—This is a Scented Vegetable Washing Powder It appears likely to supersede the Washing Compounds in ordinary use, which so frequently rot the clothes, and cause the buttons to come off The Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of it, and of ARCHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID, are Messrs. ALFRED WARD & Co., Withy Grove, Manchester
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